

RELIGION EXALTED.

Mr. Talmage Draws a Sermon from the Words of Job.

Discourse on the Latter's Comparison of Religion and the Beautiful Crystal—Power of the Gospel.

(Copyright, 1904, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, Oct. 4.

The charm of an exalted religion is by Dr. Talmage in this discourse illustrated and commended; text, Job, 28:17: "The crystal cannot equal it." Many of the precious stones of the Bible have come to prompt recognition. But for the present I take up the less valuable crystal. Job, in his text, compares saving wisdom with a specimen of topaz. An infidel chemist or mineralogist would pronounce the latter worth more than the former, but Job makes an intelligent comparison, looks at religion and then looks at the crystal and pronounces the former as of far superior value to the latter, exclaiming, in the words of my text: "The crystal cannot equal it."

Now, it is not a part of my sermon design to depreciate the crystal, whether it be found in Cornish mine or Harz mountain or Mammoth cave or tinkling among the pendants of the chandeliers of a palace. The crystal is the star of the mountain; it is the queen of the mine; it is the sardonyx of the hills; it finds its heaven in the diamond. Among all the pages of a natural history there is no page more interesting to me than the page crystallography. But I want to show you that Job was right when, taking religion in one hand and the crystal in the other, he declared that the former is of far more value and beauty than the latter, recommending it to all the people and to all ages, declaring: "The crystal cannot equal it."

In the first place, I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in exactness. That shapeless mass of crystal against which you accidentally dashed your foot is laid out with more exactness than any earthly city. There are six styles of crystallization and all of them divinely ordained. Every crystal has mathematical precision. God's geometry reaches through it, and it is a square, or it is a rhomboid, or it is a rhomboid, or it is some way it has mathematical figure. Now, religion beats that in the simple fact that spiritual accuracy is more beautiful than material accuracy. God's attributes are exact, God's law exact, God's decrees exact, God's management of the world exact. Never counting wrong though he counts the grass-blades and the stars and the sands and the cycles. His Providence never dealing with us perpendicularly when those providences ought to be oblique, nor later when they ought to be vertical. Everything in our life arranged without any possibility of mistake. Each life a six-headed prism born at the right time, dying at the right time. There are no "happens" in our theology. If I thought this was a slipshod universe, I would be in despair. God is not an anarchist. Law, order, symmetry, precision, a perfect square, a perfect rectangle, a perfect rhomboid, a perfect circle. The edge of God's robe never frays out. There are no loose screws in the world's machinery. It did not just happen that Napoleon was attacked with indigestion at Borodino so that he became incompetent for the day. It did not just happen that John Thomas, the missionary, on a heathen island, waiting for an outfit and ordered for another missionary tour, received that outfit and those orders in a box that floated ashore, while the ship and the crew that carried the box were never heard of. I believe in a particular providence. I believe God's geometry may be seen in all our life more beautifully than in crystallography. Job was right. "The crystal cannot equal it."

Again I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in transparency. We know not when or by whom glass was first discovered. Beads of it have been found in the tomb of Alexander Severus. Vases of it are brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum. There were female adornments made out of it 3,000 years ago—those adornments found now attached to the mummies of Egypt. A great many commentators believe that my text means glass. What would we do without the crystal? The crystal in the window to keep out the storm and let in the day; the crystal over the watch, defending its delicate machinery yet allowing us to see the hour; the crystal of the telescope, by which the astronomer brings distant worlds so near he can inspect them. Oh, the triumphs of the crystals in the celebrated windows of Rouen and Salisbury! But there is nothing so transparent in a crystal as in our holy religion. It is a transparent religion. You put it to your eye, and you see man—his sin, his soul, his destiny. You look at God and you see something of the grandeur of His character. It is a transparent religion. Infidels tell us it is opaque. Do you know why they tell us it is opaque? It is because they are blind. "The natural man receiveth not the things of God, because they are spiritually discerned." There is no trouble with the crystal. The trouble is with the eyes which try to look through it. We pray for vision. Lord, that our eyes might be opened! When the eye is cured of blindness, then we find that religion is transparent.

It is a transparent Bible. All the mountains of the Bible come out—Sion, the mountain of prospect; Olivet, the mountain of instruction; Calvary, the mountain of sacrifice. All the rivers of the Bible come out—Hiddekel, of the river of paradise; Jordan, of the river of holy baptism; Cherith, of the river of prophetic supply; Nile, of the river of palaces; and the pure river of life from under the throne, clear as crystal. While reading this Bible, after our eyes have been touched by grace, we find it all transparent, and the earth rocks, now with crucifixion agony and now with judgment terror, and Christ appears in some of His 256 titles, as far as I can count them—the Bread, the Rock, the Captain, the Commander, the Conqueror, the Star, and on and beyond, every capacity of mine to rehearse. Transparent religion!

The providence that seemed dark before becomes pellucid. Now you find God is not trying to put you down. Now you understand why you lost that child and why you lost your property. It was to prepare you for eternal treasures. And why sickness came, it being the precursor of immortal juvenescence. And now you understand why they lied about you and tried to drive you hither and thither. It was to put you in the glorious company of such men as Ignatius, who, when he went out to be destroyed by the lions, said: "I am the wheat, and the teeth of the wild beasts must first grind me before I can become pure bread for Jesus Christ." Or the company of such men as "that ancient Christian martyr" who, when standing in the midst of the amphitheater waiting for the lions to come out of their cave and destroy him and the people in the galleries jeering and shouting: "The lions!" replied: "Let them come on!" and then, stooping down toward the cave where the wild beasts were roaring to get out, again cried: "Let them come on!" Ah, yes, it is persecution to put you in glorious company, and while there are many things that you will have to postpone to the future world for explanation, I tell you that it is the whole tendency of your religion to unravel and explain and interpret and illumine and irradiate. Job was right. It is a glorious transparency. "The crystal cannot equal it."

I remark again that religion surpasses the crystal in its beauty. The lump of crystal is put under the magnifying glass of the crystallographer and he sees in it indescribable exquisiteness—snowdrift and splinters of hoar frost and corals and wreaths and stars and crowns and constellations of conspicuous beauty. The fact is that crystal is so beautiful that I can think of but one thing in all the universe that is as beautiful, and that is the religion of the Bible. No wonder this Bible represents that religion as the daybreak, as the apple blossoms, as the glitter of a king's banquet. It is the joy of the whole earth.

People talk too much about their cross and not enough about their crowns. Do you know that the Bible mentions a cross but 27 times, while it mentions a crown 50 times? Ask that old man what he thinks of religion. He has been a close observer. He has been cultivating an aesthetic taste. He has seen the sunrises of half a century. He has been an early riser. He has been an admirer of canyons and corals and all kinds of beautiful things. Ask him what he thinks of religion, and he will tell you: "It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw. The crystal cannot equal it."

Beautiful in its symmetry. When it presents God's character, it does not present Him as having love like a great protuberance on one side of His nature, but makes that love in harmony with His justice—a love that will accept all those who come to Him, and a justice that will by no means clear the guilty. Beautiful religion in the sentiment it implants! Beautiful religion in the hope it kindles! Beautiful religion in the fact that it proposes to exalt and enthrone and ennobles an immortal spirit. Solomon says it is a lily. Paul says it is a crown. The Apocalypse says it is a fountain kissed by the sun. Ezekiel says it is a foliaged cedar. Christ says it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride. While Job in the text takes up a whole vase of precious stones—the topaz and the sapphire and the chrysoberus—he holds out this beautiful vase just one crystal and holds it up until it gleams in the warm light of the eastern sky, and he exclaims: "The crystal cannot equal it."

Now, I have nothing for those people who are always enlarging their Christian meetings about their early dissipation. Do not go into the particulars, my brother. Simply say you were sick, but make no display of your vices. The chief stock in trade of some ministers and Christian workers seems to be their early crimes and dissolutions. The number of pockets you picked and the number of chickens you stole make very poor prayer meeting rhetoric. Besides that, it discourages other Christian people who never got drunk or stole anything. But it is pleasant to know that those who were farthest down have been brought highest up. Out of infernal darkness into eternal liberty. Out of darkness into light. From coal to the coalitaire. "The crystal cannot equal it."

But, my friends, the chief transforming power of the Gospel will not be seen in this world, and not until heaven breaks upon the soul. When that light falls upon the soul, then you will see the crystals. What a magnificent setting for these jewels of eternity! I sometimes hear people representing heaven in a way that is far from attractive to me. It seems almost a vulgar heaven as they represent it, with great blotches of color and bands of music making a deafening racket. John represents heaven as a "crystal sea." Three crystals! In one place he says: "Her light was like a precious stone, clear as crystal." In another place he says: "I saw a pure river from under the throne, clear as crystal." In another place he says: "Before the throne there was a sea of glass clear as crystal." Three crystals! John says crystal atmosphere. That means health. Balm of eternal June. What weather after the world's east wind! No rack of stormclouds. One breath of that air will cure the worst asthma. Crystal light on all the leaves. Crystal light shimmering on the topaz of the temples. Crystal light tossing in the plumes of the equestrians of heaven on white horses. But "the crystal cannot equal it."

John says crystal river. That means joy. Deep and ever rolling. Not one drop of the Potomac or the Hudson or the Rhine to soil it. Not one tear of human sorrow to embitter it. Crystal, the rain out of which it was made. Crystal, the bed over which it shall roll and ripple. Crystal, its infinite surface. But "the crystal cannot equal it." John says crystal sea. That means multitudinous vast. Vast in rapture, vast as the sea, deep as the sea, strong as the sea, ever changing as the sea. Billows of light. Billows of beauty, blue with skies that were never clouded and green with depths that were never fathomed. Arcades and arcades and Mediterranean and Atlantic and Pacific in crystaline magnificence. Three crystals! Crystal light falling on a crystal river. Crystal river rolling into a crystal sea. But "the crystal cannot equal it."

"Oh," says some one, putting his hand over his eyes, "can it be that I who have been in so much sin and trouble will ever come to those crystals?" Yes, it may be—it will be. Heaven we must have, whatever we have or have not, and we come here to get it. "How much must I pay for it?" you say. You will pay for it just as much as the coal pays to become the diamond. In other words, nothing. The same Almighty power that makes the crystal in the mountain will change your heart which is harder than stone, for the promise is: "I will take away your stony heart, and I will give you a heart of flesh."

"Oh," says some one, "it is just the doctrine I want. God is to do everything, and I am to do nothing." My brother, I am not the doctrine you want. The coal makes no resistance. It bears the resurrection voice in the mountain and it comes to crystallization; but your heart resists. The trouble with you, my brother, is the coal wants to stay coal.

I do not ask you to throw open the door and let Christ in. I only ask that you stop hating and hating it. My friends, we will have to get rid of our sins. I will have to get rid of my sins, and you will have to get rid of your sins. What will we do with our sins among the three crystals? The crystal atmosphere would display our pollution. The crystal river would be fouled with our touch. Transformation must take place now or no transformation at all. Give sin full chance in your heart and the transformation will be downward instead of upward. Instead of crystal it will be a cinder.

In the days of Carthage, a Christian girl was condemned to die for her faith, and a boat was bedaubed with tar and pitch and filled with combustibles and set on fire, and the Christian girl was placed in the boat, and the wind was off the shore, and the boat floated away with its precious treasure. No one can doubt that boat landed at the shore of heaven. Sin wants to put you in a fiery boat and shove you off in an opposite direction—off from peace, off from God, off from heaven, everlastingly off, and the port toward which you would sail would be a port of darkness, and the guns that would greet you would be the guns of despair, and the flags that would wave at your arrival would be the black flags of death. Oh, my brother, you must either kill sin or sin will kill you! It is no exaggeration when I say that any man or woman that wants to be saved may be saved. Tremendous choice! A thousand people are choosing this moment between salvation and destruction, between light and darkness, between charred ruin and glorious crystallization.

What! say you. "Will God wear jewelry?" If He wanted it, He could make the stars of the heaven His belt and have the evening cloud for the sandals of His feet, but He does not want that adornment. He will not have that jewelry. When God wants jewelry He comes down and digs it out of the depths and darkness of sin. These souls are all crystallizations of mercy. He puts them on, and He wears them in the presence of the whole universe. He wears them on the hand that was nailed, over the heart that was pierced, on the temples that were stung. "They shall be mine," saith the Lord, "in the day when I make up my jewels." "What!" say you. "Will God wear jewelry?" If He wanted it, He could make the stars of the heaven His belt and have the evening cloud for the sandals of His feet, but He does not want that adornment. He will not have that jewelry. When God wants jewelry He comes down and digs it out of the depths and darkness of sin. These souls are all crystallizations of mercy. He puts them on, and He wears them in the presence of the whole universe. He wears them on the hand that was nailed, over the heart that was pierced, on the temples that were stung. "They shall be mine," saith the Lord, "in the day when I make up my jewels." Wonderful transformation! Where sin abounded grace shall much more abound. The carbon becomes the coalitaire. "The crystal cannot equal it."

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Ill. Central R. R. OF INTEREST TO STOCKHOLDERS.

Free Transportation to Attend the Annual Meeting at Chicago.

The next annual meeting of the stockholders of the Illinois Central Railroad Company will be held at the office of the company, in Chicago, on Wednesday, October 15, 1904, at noon. For the purpose of this meeting, stock transfer books will be closed from the close of business on September 21 to the morning of October 17. For this meeting, there will be issued to holders of one or more shares of the capital stock of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, as registered on the books of the Central Railroad nearest to his or her registered address, to Chicago and return for the purpose of attending, in person, the above meeting of stockholders. Such ticket to be good for the journey to Chicago only during the four days immediately preceding, and the day of, the meeting, and for the return journey from Chicago only on the day of the meeting, and the four days immediately following, when properly countersigned and stamped during business hours—that is to say, between 9 a. m. and 5 p. m.—in the office of the assistant secretary, Mr. W. J. Bruner, in Chicago. Such ticket may be obtained by any registered holder of stock on application, in writing, to the president of the company in Chicago. Each application must state the full name and address of the stockholder exactly as given in his or her certificate of stock, together with the number and date of such certificate. No more than one person will be carried free in respect to any one holding of stock as registered on the books of the company. A. G. HACKSTAFF, Secretary.

"NERVE WASTE."

One of the most helpful books on nerve weakness ever issued is that entitled "Nerve Waste," by Dr. Sawyer, of San Francisco, now in its fifth thousand. This work of an experienced and reputable physician is in agreement with the vast mass of false teaching which prevails on this interesting subject. It abounds in carefully considered and practical advice, and has the two great merits of wisdom and sincerity. It is endorsed by both the religious and secular press. Advance says: "A perusal of the book and the application of its principles will put health, hope and heart into thousands of lives that are now suffering through nerve impairment." The book is \$1, by mail, postpaid. One of the most interesting chapters—chapter xx, on nerves and nerve tonics—has been printed separately as a sample chapter, and will be sent to any address for stamp by the publishers, The Pacific Pub. Co., Box 2658, San Francisco.

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Lv. New York, 2:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 8:00 a. m.
Lv. Boston, 4:54 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 10:34 a. m.

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DIRECTORY.

The following counties comprise the 14th congressional district: Cape Girardeau, Bollinger, Butler, Howell, Christian, Douglas, Dunklin, Mississippi, Moni, Madison, Oregon, Ozark, Pemiscot, Ripley, Scott, Stoddard, Stone and Taney. W. D. Vandiver, congressman.

The following counties comprise the 23rd senatorial district: Cape Girardeau, Wayne, Carter, Ripley, Butler and Dunklin. G. T. Lee, senator.

COUNTY OFFICERS. Representative—G. C. Thilenius. Sheriff—Bernhard Goebel. Collector—E. W. Flentge. Assessor—J. F. Caldwell. Treasurer—August Ude. Probate Judge—J. S. Koehler. Circuit Clerk—C. F. Betton. County Clerk—Wm. Paar. Common Pleas Clk.—Ed Engelmann. Surveyor—B. A. Daugherty. Presiding Judge—Chas. Bartels. Judge 1st Dist.—Wm. Thompson. Judge 2nd Dist.—L. F. Thomas. Coroner—Dr. Elmo Porterfield. School Com.—E. E. McCullough.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS. Justices of Peace—Ben Miller. Constable—J. M. Snider. C. H. Grant.

CITY OFFICERS. Mayor—Wm. Paar. City Clerk—Henry Puls. City Collector—Bluesher Sperling. City Assessor—A. J. Flentge. Marshal—Jno. Macke. Street Com.—Adam Hoffmann. Night Watchman—Julius Johns. City Welter—Wm. B. Schaefer. City Attorney—T. D. Hines. City Treasurer—Joseph Koehler. Alder—1st Ward—F. E. Kirs. 2nd Ward—J. F. McLean. 3rd Ward—L. C. Hoffmann.

The regular meeting of the board of aldermen is the first Monday night of each month.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

T. D. Hines, President. Term expires April 1904. C. W. Henderson, Vice President. Term expires April 1903. O. L. Hoffmann, Secretary. Term expires April 1903. Henry Steck, Treasurer. Term expires April 1902. M. P. Kirksey, Term expires April 1902. A. P. Behrens, Term expires April 1904.

The regular meeting of the school board is the first Thursday night of each month.

COURTS.

Circuit Court meets 1st Monday in January and May and 3rd Monday in August. H. C. Riley, Judge.

County Court meets 1st Monday in February, May, August and November.

Probate Court meets 2nd Monday in February, May, August and November.

Common Pleas Court of Cape Girardeau meets 4th Monday in January, May and September. John A. Snider, Judge.

LODGES.

Excelsior Lodge, No. 441, A. F. & A. M. meets on 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month. R. B. Burns, W. M.

Modern Woodmen Lodge, No. 483, meets on the 1st and 3rd Monday night of each month. G. S. Summers, V. C.

Royal Neighbors of America meet in the Odd Fellow Hall on the second and 4th Monday night of each month. Mrs. Chas. Behrens, Oracle.

Jackson Lodge No. 138, A. O. U. W. meets on the 1st and 3rd Wednesday nights of each month. M. P. Kirksey, W. M.

Jackson Lodge, Degree of Honor No. 35, A. O. U. W. meets on 2nd and 4th Saturday of each month. Miss Kate Pepper, C. of H.

Select Knights and Ladies of America, Camp No. 25, meets on the 2nd and 4th Monday nights of each month. E. J. Abernathy, C. K.

Horne Forum Lodge, No. 378, meets on the last Saturday of each month. W. A. Brooks, Pres.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Church—Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Junior and Senior Epworth League meetings on Sunday at 2 p. m. and 7 p. m., respectively. Rev. J. W. Worsnop, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church—Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Rev. J. O. Willett, Pastor.

Baptist Church—Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Rev. J. O. Willett, Pastor.

Sunday at 6 p. m. Rev. J. O. Willett, Pastor.

We Trust You.



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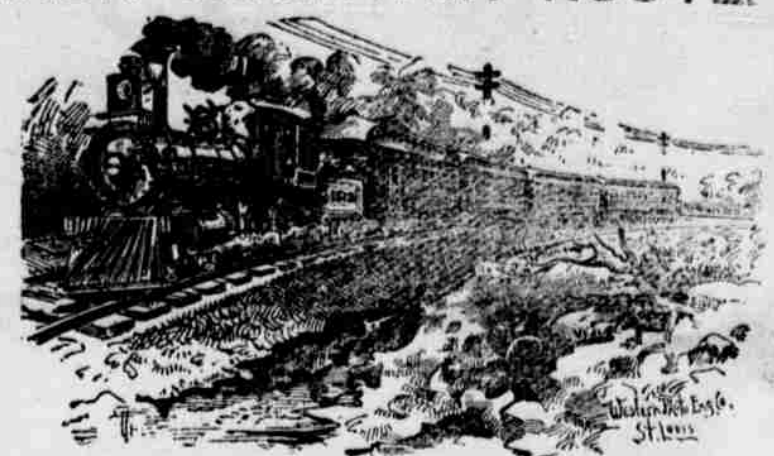
Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Digests what you eat.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Digests what you eat.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE JACKSON BRANCH I. M.

| STATIONS | Going South. | | | Going North. | | |
|-------------|-----------------|-------------------|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| | Freight No. 35. | Passenger No. 31. | Passenger No. 33. | Freight No. 36. | Passenger No. 29. | Passenger No. 31. |
| Jackson | 7:30 a. m. | 8:00 a. m. | 8:30 a. m. | 11:00 a. m. | 11:30 a. m. | 12:00 p. m. |
| Gordonville | 8:00 a. m. | 8:30 a. m. | 9:00 a. m. | 11:30 a. m. | 12:00 p. m. | 12:30 p. m. |
| Dutchtown | 8:30 a. m. | 9:00 a. m. | 9:30 a. m. | 12:00 p. m. | 12:30 p. m. | 1:00 p. m. |
| Allenville | 9:15 a. m. | 9:45 a. m. | 10:15 a. m. | 12:45 p. m. | 1:15 p. m. | 1:45 p. m. |

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